

# RURAL REPOSITORY,

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Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

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## SELECT TALES.

From the Rose of Sharon for 1840.

### WHAT IS STRONGEST ?

"Come, Frances, thee has gazed too long on this silly maiden, with her ringlets floating so wantonly over that naked throat. I will show thee something sweeter. Look on this Italian Madonna. Saw thee ever aught thus meekly beautiful? Those large, clear, earnest eyes, gazing so intently upon her babe! such a peaceful, placid smile! and the holy child Jesus, too—Frances, look! O, childhood! sweet are thy ministries to the spirit that pines for purity on earth! How tenderly the infant eyes return the glances of love! Is he not dreaming, think, of his blessed and holy mission to our earth? Frances! thine eyes are vacant: sees thee no beauty in this?"

"Forgive me, Ellena; my thoughts were painfully abstracted. Beauty? O yes; such beauty as souls like thine can worship—"

"Worship, Frances? thee knows that I worship no beauty on this earth. Did thee not forget thou wert discoursing unto a Quaker? True, I feel an admiration of the spiritual beauty that irradiates the features of that virgin mother; and I love to gaze on that lovely incarnation of a divine spirit. This degree of enthusiasm is I trust, allowable; but *worship* is not yielded unto the things of earth. O, Madonna! how full of consciousness is thy radiant eye, as though feeling thyself indeed 'the handmaid of the Lord!' Look on her, Frances, and let vain thoughts of this world's sorrows flee from thee, as murderous vampyres before the glory of the sun-bright day."

"They do! Elena, they do! But let us hasten away; I am haunted by those proud, cold eyes of the Egyptian queen."

"Call her not the Egyptian queen. Berenice was a creature of tender affections: Arabella Sutherland is too proud to love."

"Nay, nay, Ellena; no woman is too proud to love. But let us away; the doors will be opened soon."

They turned to cross the gallery, but unexpectedly encountered a gentleman who stood near them, and whose soft step upon the green carpet had been unnoticed, while they were conversing. The young ladies both uttered exclamations, and Frances's countenance blanched pale as death. She bowed slightly, and would have passed out; but he gently detained her, and, taking her hand, led her to the painting she had been first contemplating. The Quakeress passed down the hall, to a painting of blind Bartimeus, by an American artist, leaving her cousin alone with the gentleman.

"Frances," said he, in a low, suppressed voice, "Frances, you do not love the countenance of

my affianced bride. Those 'cold, proud eyes' have told you she is not to make me happy; and yet she is called resplendently beautiful. O, Frances, how different from the soft, retiring graces of the being I love!"

"You love! Laurence, do you not love her?"

"Could you for one moment suppose it? O, Frances! have you, then, doubted the constancy of my affection? Well you might; and yet, I hoped—I hoped, Frances, that you would have trusted me eternally."

Frances trembled very much, and withdrew the hand he had pressed too fervently. He turned to see if Ellena still lingered. She was gone, and they were alone. He placed his arm about her slender waist, and drew her to one of the settees near the centre of the hall. "Forgive me, Frances. You would, and pity me too, if you knew half I suffer. It is so seldom, now, that I meet you, and in circumstances so unpropitious for an explanation! Will you not listen to me?"

"Ought I? ought I? O, Laurence! solemnly pledged as you are to another, ought I to listen to assurances of affection from your lips? No, no; rather let me think you faithful to your later vows,—let me believe you true to her who has a right to your truth."

"I cannot! Frances, I cannot! There is enough of misery in my fate, without this agonizing thought—that you believe me false to my early vows. During your long, long absence in a foreign land changes have occurred to wreck the dearest hopes of my heart,—changes we could not foresee,—changes I would not have believed possible. O that I should ever have made this promise! and yet, I could not avoid it. What son, that saw his father struggling for breath, and in the last agonies of his mortal conflict—what son, that honored and loved his father as he ought, would have embittered his last earthly moments by disobedience and ingratitude? O that he had known my heart—how entirely and eternally it is devoted to another! (for, though I told him, he did not and could not comprehend;) he would not, I am sure he would not, have exacted a promise that has imbittered every later moment of my existence. I cannot love Arabella Sutherland, and she knows it; yet she will not release me from my obligations; she will not, Frances, though she does not love me. If she did—if she loved me as woman *can* love, she would have sacrificed every thing—life, happiness, all that the heart holds dear—to save me from wretchedness, to save herself from what should be more terrible to her than a thousand deaths. Frances, do not believe me capable of deception. I have told her all, so frankly, so very frankly, as to excite her indignation, if not her hatred. Still she will not absolve me, and still I love—O Frances! passionately, madly

love—you! yes, you—the first, last, only object of my earthly adoration. And she is so unrelenting! True, in declining the union, she forfeits her dowry; but how willingly, O, how gladly, would I lay my whole fortune at her feet, if she would but deign to break these cruel, cruel chains. Frances, even now, if you will but say one little word—that you love me still, that you will be mine—O Frances, do not look so! Dearest, best beloved, say that you will be mine, and I care not for chains, or promises, or vows: vows to her I never made. O, say that you will be mine; breathe it, look it—"

"Laurence! these are not lawful words. It is wrong that I hear them; and she rose as though to leave him; but, pale and trembling, and overpowered by strong emotion, she yielded to the detaining hand.

"Forgive me, Frances! O, forgive me! Any thing but that offended look! Let us not part in disagreement—we who love—yes, I dare say, *we* who love so truly, who meet so rarely. Smile once, Frances, and say I am forgiven. I will ask no more; I will even wed another, since you deem it my duty; yes, will wed another, meet you as a common friend, but cease to love you, never! Frances, look on me!"

She did look, so softly, so tenderly, so pleadingly, that the quick, warm tears started out upon his long lashes; and he rose from his seat at the gentle entreaty, more obediently than the slave at the signal of his master. "Enough! I see you forgive me—pity me. O, then, do more! teach me to bear the burden of my griefs—to do my duty to her who is to be—O Frances!"

"We must part now," said she, turning toward the door; "visitors will soon enter. We have been too long alone."

"Too long? O no! 'tis but a moment—less! Look once more on this countenance, and pity me!" He led her to the picture of his plighted bride, represented in the character of queen Berenice, kneeling, with her beautiful raven tresses floating over a neck of the most perfect symmetry, and sacrificing them, a propitiation for the safety of her absent husband. The countenance was radiant, but cold and stern; passion had made her eye his throne; and, beautifully as the artist had executed the design, it was, to those interested as they were, a most painful picture.

"Think Arabella not all destitute of the softer and more amiable traits of feminine character. Was it not benevolence which prompted the exhibition of this portrait in the Athenæum? Surely, a heart that could sacrifice so much of its native delicacy for the aid of a poor young artist, cannot be void of all excellences worthy of your eyes, deem. Look ever Laurence, upon the sunny side of her character, and cultivate in her heart a love of humility and goodness. Be ever kind, self-

sacrificing, tender; in time, you will win her love—in time, she will exhibit those beauties of the spirit, that will steal away your affections almost unawares." Frances spoke softly, but earnestly; and, laying her hand upon his arm, drew from him a solemn promise that his bride should be wooed with kindness, and tenderly cherished all the days of their wedded life. They then left the hall together, and parted at the gate, with a frank tenderness they had not ventured to express for years.

"Thee is pale, thee is too pale, dear Fanny. Lay aside that naughty pencil, and transfer the rose to thine own cheek, by a little exercise in the open air."

"O no, Ellena; my purse is empty. Let me toil on till this one sketch is finished; then I will go with you. I only wish to subdue the expression of those eyes a little, and then it will be done."

"Those are Arabella Sutherland's eyes. Why do they still haunt thee? why does thee paint them in every face, be it of shepherdess or saint? I cannot excuse thee well; but I never was in love. Nay, forgive me, cousin Frances; I thought not to make thee sad. Thee is right, however: soften down those hard eyes, and let them be melting as thine; let them tremble like a faint star in the deep sky. Can thee not paint them wavering thus, and humid?"

"Nay; but like thine they shall be, Ellena—calm, clear, holy. See her now, as she clings to her widowed mother. Such love should give a firm light to the imploring eye. "Where thou goest, I will go: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, mine." Sit down, Ellena; take my portfolio, and, if you can, amuse yourself with its contents, while I put a few more touches on this painting; then you shall go with me to the shop."

After touching and retouching, till the painting seemed indeed perfect, Frances rose and flung on her shawl, seized her portfolio, and hastened, with her cousin upon her arm, to one of the print-shops in W—— street. It was about sunset when they entered. The clerk at the counter bowed respectfully, but, without waiting to examine her paintings, went into a back apartment and summoned his employer. Col. Templeton immediately came out, and shook hands heartily with Frances, unclasped her portfolio, and examined its contents with enthusiasm. "Bless me! Miss Moore; you improve in your art every hour. That's a beautiful landscape! worth twenty dollars any day. How many are there?—three, four, five, and two are seven. A charming collection! Your pictures sell admirably, Miss Moore. I get a greater profit on them than on any thing else I offer to my customers. I really make too much; and in future, I shall pay you more generously."

"I have no desire for that, colonel; you have been always very, very generous. Continue your kindness, but do not increase it; I shall be laid under too great obligations."

"Don't say that, Miss Frances. Take all you can get in this niggardly world; it will be little enough, at the greatest. What say you to my taking these upon commission? I will engage

to sell them at a profitable *per centage*, since you seem to fear I will be too generous."

"Thank you, sir. You are very kind; but I am very much in need of *immediate* pay, even if it be far less. If you can oblige me with ten or twelve dollars this evening, I shall be very glad; and, if you really insist upon it, you may have the other paintings upon commission; but be sure and charge enough for your trouble. You see I am proud—do not like to be too much indebted."

"Glad to see it, Frances. I love an independent spirit. I will pay you now, for this painting of the Moabitess, fifteen dollars, Miss Moore. I will call upon you to-morrow eve, and bring you the money for the others."

"Provided you sell them, colonel."

"O, there is no doubt of that; no doubt of that, my dear."

"What a kind-hearted man the colonel is!" said Ellena, as they stepped out upon the sidewalk, to return. "Not very like his niece Arabella, one would judge."

"You are not acquainted with Miss Sutherland. She doubtless has many excellent qualities hid under a cloak of pride. She has been so kind to that young artist, Guido Watson, I never can overlook her charity to him; and probably this is but one among a thousand instances of her active benevolence. If she be thus good to him, why not to others also?"

"Thou art too charitable, cousin. Is not Guido Watson young, handsome, gifted, and accomplished in all the graces of polished life? Does thee not believe there may be another motive more active than benevolence? Has thee never supposed Arabella might love that young man, even if she be betrothed to another? Do not believe me scandalous, Frances; I am only expressing the simple suggestions of my mind. But I have had some opportunities for observation; and it is my conviction, that she is a traitor to thy friend Laurence."

"O, you are unjust, indeed you are. Do you not know she might be free, any moment, to dissolve her present engagement, if she chose? And would she not so choose, if she loved another?"

"Arabella is not at liberty to dissolve her present engagement, and retain her property; and she could more easily sacrifice her affections than subdue her pride. Young Guido is penniless; so would she be, were she to bestow her hand upon him. Can thee suppose the heiress of thousands, hundreds of thousands, would stoop to toil for her daily bread? and all for mere love?"

"For mere love? Easily might one guess that thou wert still free as the winds, my artless cousin. *Mere love!* There are those who could tell thee, Ellena, that love has subdued feelings stronger than woman's pride; ay, mere love has changed more stubborn hearts than hers—brought them down to abject beggary, to slavery, to death. So would it conquer her: she does not love, or she would yield."

"Does thee reason upon the premises of thine own character, Fanny? Would thee at all times yield to love?"

"Not against conscience; stern duty is more powerful than the strongest affection. But duty does not forbid Arabella to follow the impulses of her heart."

"Why not, Fanny? her mother's will forbids it."

"But her mother's will is not duty. The pure impulses of her heart are duty; self-sacrifice is duty; any thing is duty, rather than marriage without love."

"So I believe; but I do not believe that Miss Sutherland, Arabella Sutherland, will bend her pride to love, or duty, or law."

"We shall see; that is, if she really does, as you imagine, love the poor artist she has befriended; though this is what I cannot believe, without evidence more conclusive than any yet presented.—But Stop! have we not passed the bake-shop? Mother must not know I have been toiling since sunrise, to settle my bill with the baker, and have a penny left for our evening loaf."

"Has it been thus, Frances? Why did thee not tell me sooner? Has my purse been ever closed to thy necessities? Have I been ever less than a neighbor to thee? Really, Fanny, I like it not, that thee should so distrust my friendship."

"I have not, for one moment, Ellena. You have been the kindest and best of friends—the most affectionate of cousins. But you, too, are poor; with the strictest economy, your income alone will not support you. Why should I draw upon resources insufficient for your own wants? Besides, it is so much better for me to be quite dependent upon my own energies."

"Not to the destruction of thy health—not to the destruction of thy health, when thou art thy mother's only stay. Take my purse, Fanny; I have no mother."

"I have quite enough for the present; and to-morrow, you know, I have the promise of more."

"What a dear good man Colonel Templeton is!"

They entered the bread-store, paid the bill, and were returning across the Mall, when they observed a gentleman and lady, arm in arm, promenading very leisurely, directly in front of them. It was in the most retired part of the walk, and the darkness almost disguised them; but there were airs and graces about the lady not to be mistaken.

"That is Arabella Sutherland," whispered the Quakeress.

"Yes," replied Frances, checking her pace, and almost retreating from the walk.

"And Guido Watson is with her."

"I do not know."

"I do. I know him by his height, his black whiskers, and lover-like manners. He is a perfect adept in gallantry. See him now! how reverentially he bends his head, to catch the softest murmur of her lips! and she—how she leans upon his arm, and looks up into his face—so devotedly!"

"But you have said she is proud—too proud to receive attentions from a poor man. How, then, dares she appear in public with him?"

"She does not, openly. Observes thee not, she has chosen the most retired part of the Mall, and an hour when it is almost impossible to distinguish white from black? That long green veil, too, and plain dress, so different from her usual attire, show very clearly that she shuns observation. What would thee judge from her present manners, Frances? Does she not love him? that is, inasmuch as her haughty spirit can yield to tender affections?"



Just as Frances would have replied, the lady turned her head, and, observing their proximity, hastened her pace till she was far beyond their hearing, and led her companion up the steps into the street where she resided.

"I am confirmed, Fanny, perfectly."

"I am not," replied she, and truly. She demanded many and obstinate proofs, ere she would be confirmed in a belief of another's wrong-doing. Herself always true-hearted and conscientious, how could she doubt the sincerity of others? The young Quakeress knew more of human nature; she had received an orphan's experience. She had charity for faults, but it was tempered by knowledge. Loving her cousin ardently as she did, it was very difficult for her to restrain the indignation she felt toward Arabella, for thwarting the happiness of two beings devotedly attached,—all for the gratification of worldly pride.

But Frances was generous to a fault. She always looked upon the bright side of human character, and, if she observed faults, palliated them by every kind ascription of worthy motives possible in the compass of thought. She spoke and believed well of Arabella: why should she not? she was the bride elect of Laurence Werner;—not loved by him, it is true; but destined to share his fortunes, and bear his name. Frances was interested in whatever was connected with the fate of the being she loved. She had known Laurence Werner from the days of early childhood. They had been schoolmates for many years; and, when the days of Greek and Latin came, together they were pupils of Frances's father for two more happy years; and then the clergyman's health failed. Accompanied by his wife and daughter, he sought the sunny vales of Italy; but it was for a grave. He lingered for two weary years, and then died, leaving his widow barely the means for returning to her native land, where she had been since supported by the industry of her daughter. Her health was very feeble: she could only assist Frances in light needlework; and this but seldom. Still, Frances was not discouraged; she toiled for one she loved: affection made her labors light. And she found benefactors—generous, constant, faithful friends. So far was she blest.

"Has Frances been here?" inquired Laurence Werner of Col. Templeton, the day succeeding the sale of her painting.

"She has; and I took the pictures upon commission, as I informed her. Come into the back shop, and I will let you see them."

Laurence sat down to the examination with an eagerness that must have excited suspicion in the most unobserving mind. It was the first time the colonel had noticed any peculiar interest in his manner; and he resolved to investigate his feelings to their depth.

"What an affectionate heart that creature has! delighting ever to weave in images of those she loves—delighting ever to dwell upon the beauties of her friends. See, now, how faithfully is her cousin Ellen's eye copied in the countenance of Ruth! and Naomi is a perfect representation of Mrs. Moore. Beautiful, very beautiful!"

Laurence lifted his eye, as he spoke, to the

countenance of Col. Templeton, and, observing that he was gazing upon him somewhat earnestly, blushed a deep crimson.

"You are a very zealous friend of Miss Moore,—a very enthusiastic admirer, I perceive," said the colonel, smiling significantly.

"Very true. I was a long time her classmate. We learned Latin together, and read Homer out of the same book. Think you she is not worthy of my friendship?"

"Certainly, if Arabella do not object. These fair friends are sometimes a little dangerous."

"I am responsible to no one for my friendships. If I am true to Miss Sutherland, what reason has she to complain?"

"None, Laurence, if you are true to her. But is she, really, the dearest image in your heart? Answer me as though I were your father—your best friend."

"As the guardian of Miss Sutherland, you are entitled to the same frankness I have exhibited to her. As my personal and respected friend, you are deserving my fullest confidence. In answer, then, to your *home-question*, I confess that Frances Moore is the dearest being to me upon this wide earth. I loved her long before I was plighted to another, and, indeed, had pledged my faith to her; but a father's dying malediction was dreadful. I promised obedience,—promised to marry your niece, while my heart was irrevocably another's. To this vow I have been faithful, but at the fearful price of all happiness and hope upon earth. Arabella knows all; I told her all, frankly, as I have told you; and this was her reply: 'There is no love lost between us, and there will be no money lost; for you dare not subject me to penury by a broken vow, and I will not yield up my dowry to please any man!' Upon this we parted, and have met seldom since; but the nuptials are fast approaching, and I must resign myself to a fate worse than death."

The colonel stood musing a moment, and then exclaimed, "Why did I not know this sooner? I thought you were both impatient for the wedding day; at any rate, Laurence, you have asked me at least a hundred times when it was to be; and so I have appointed the earliest possible period, all out of compassion to your violent love! Are you sure Arabella does not desire the marriage?"

"She desires it for the wealth it will insure; but her heart abhors it. In fact, I am persuaded that she loves another."

"Pray, who? some lowly Edwin of the grove?"

"Your *protege*—Guido Watson."

"Guido Watson! Are you sure? are you *very* sure?"

"Sure as I can be without proof positive. O that love could conquer pride!"

"Do not despair, my dear fellow; there is hope for you yet. Guido Watson is the son of my early and only love. He was left a penniless orphan; his talents have hitherto supported him; and I have long intended to make him my heir. I will make an immediate investment of the two hundred thousand belonging to Arabella, upon Guido; and then we will see if love do not have his own way. I'll attend to it imme-

diately. Have patience, and all errors shall be repaired."

"God bless you, colonel! the very hope unmans me."

"We must part, then, beloved, forever! May you find a heart that will love you as truly as has mine, a fortune that will compensate for the absence of affection, and a forgetfulness of whatever, in the past, might awaken a transient pang of regret—particularly of your wretched Guido!"

"O, speak not thus! Guido, forgive me! Call not yourself wretched, while you see an abject slave before you—a slave to the worst of tyrants, to mighty, invincible, cruel *pride*. Hush that farewell, Guido! do not speak it yet! I love you—I own that I love you better than life; but I cannot be yours; disgrace, poverty, the contempt of the world, all would follow. I cannot, Guido! I cannot!"

"Then farewell, cruel, beautiful Arabella! It is worse than vain for me to linger amid fascinations I must not yield to, yet cannot resist. Farewell! May you be richly blest! God send you wealth and honor, the homage of the world the admiration of multitudes! and may they be to you more than my love has been—peace, consolation, joy! Farewell! again and again, farewell!"

He dropped the little hand he had held fondly to his lips, crossed the room, and raised the latch of the door. "Guido!" The name was almost whispered; yet, spoken in thunder, it would not have been more audible to his ear. He turned, lingered a moment, and then a second time lifted the latch. He heard a soft step behind him, but he did not look back. He opened the door, passed out into the hall, and reached the outer door. "Guido!" The cry was low, but wild. He turned now—turned, and received her, fainting, in his arms. He carried her back into the parlor and hung over her a long, long time. He watched anxiously for the first conscious look—for the first expression of awakened feeling. It was received at length—a glance, humble and tender, and full of prayer. "Guido, do you forgive me?"

"Arabella, do you repent?"

"O Guido! forgive me, forgive me! How weak I was!"

"Weak in calling me back?"

"Weak in bidding you go. Forgive those foolish words, dear Guido! Your love is dearer to me than wealth, or honor, or the homage of the world—O, a thousand times! How keenly did I feel it, when you turned to leave me! A moment taught me the lesson of years."

"Then you will be mine, poor and lowly as I am?"

"Thine, Guido! thine!"

"Aunt, I have brought thee news: Arabella Sutherland is no more!"

"Married, is she? Well, that is news!"

"Yea, aunt. Frances was right: love *will* conquer even pride. She has yielded up her property to her guardian, thrown aside her splendid dresses, and, in a simple white gown, without a single ornament of jewelry, accompanied Guido

Watson to the altar. A very affecting scene occurred after the nuptials, as I am informed by a witness. Col. Templeton gave the bride away, and after the prayer had been offered, placed in the bridegroom's hand an instrument conveying to him the whole amount of Arabella's forfeited estate—nearly or quite two hundred thousand dollars. The bride was overcome, and fell on her knees—which she ought not to have done to a mortal—kissed his hand, and wept the most humble and amiable tears she had wept before in all her life. The bridegroom was less affected, he had been in the secret, satisfied himself of the sincerity of her affection, and chosen this moment to complete her reward."

"Well, really, I am very glad it has so terminated. The colonel is rich enough for a bachelor, with what he has left. And now think I can tell you some news, Ellena: there is shortly to be another wedding among your friends."

"Ah, I know who! and that leads me to ask where is Fanny?"

"Open the parlor door."

Ellena did so, and thrust in her pretty face, shaded by her close Quaker cap, with a Paul Pry look of "Hope I don't intrude."

They bade her come in—Laurence and Frances in the same breath, "Come, Ellena," said her cousin, "come and thank one who has been so kind to your poor friend. This is 'the dear, good Col. Templeton' who was so generous in the purchase of my pictures."

"Is he? Well, I thought it strange the colonel should be so very generous to thee; though he has, in a late event, proved himself capable of even as great generosity as I then believed him."

"So I have just been telling Frances; and to him should I have been indebted for this privilege," said Laurence, printing an impassioned kiss upon her brow, "had it not been that Love conquered Pride one day."

"By the way, Ellena, which do you now think the strongest?"

"O Fanny! *love*, to be sure. Does thee know any thing stronger?"

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### THE CRUSADES.

We cannot always judge of the benefits or injuries of an action by its immediate consequences. There are many schemes which appear wild, and which are deleterious in the present results, that, in the end, prove of vast advantage. Such was the case with the Crusades. Whimsical as they may seem; fraught as they were with suffering and blood-shed, and even those evils against which they warred, they were, nevertheless ultimately productive of many good influences. At their commencement, which was near the close of the eleventh century, Europe was, for the most part, shrouded in the gloom of the dark ages. The light which Chivalry had kindled—the light of civilization and refinement had barely begun to blaze; the arts and sciences had made but little progress, and the beacons of Christianity yet burned dim. But when the Holy Wars began, a new impetus was given to the

march of improvement. Prior to their commencement there was but little intercourse between the powers of Europe. Most of them were at variance with each other; and among some there existed the most rancorous and malignant feelings. Much as knighthood had previously done towards diffusing sentiments of honor, justice and urbanity, still feuds were carried on between the nobles; baron fought against baron, and castle against castle. As soon, however, as the Crusades were contemplated upon; as soon as Peter the Hermit had returned from the Holy Land, and performed his mission through a considerable portion of Europe, causing the councils of Placentia and Clermont to be called, and setting forth the cruelties of the infidels then in possession of Palestine, and shamefully desecrating the tomb of the Saviour—from that moment, social intercourse was created and carried on among most of the European nations. They flocked together from all parts into the temple of friendship, and united forthwith in the all-prevailing, soul-absorbing scheme, the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Turks. Friendly intercourse being established, an interchange of sentiments, etc. began to operate in advancing society, and bettering the condition, moral and political, of the great mass of the people. These effects however were produced by very moderate degrees, nor was there a material change observable till sometime after the commencement of those wars.

The Crusaders were obliged on their way to Palestine, to pass through countries more refined than their own, where agriculture, manufactures, and the arts were far advanced; they observed these improvements not only with admiration but with a desire and a determination to be benefited by them. When, therefore, they returned home, they put the knowledge they had obtained into practical operation, and its good results were soon perceived in their rapid improvement in manners, customs and the institutions of their several countries.

Commerce was advanced. The followers of the cross finding it difficult to travel by land to Constantinople, at length chose to go by the Mediterranean Sea. The cities of Italy then became the great marts of trade. Vessels were fitted out at Venice, Genoa and Pisa, and all the neighboring provinces formed a ready market for almost every kind of provision. But says the historian Robertson, "the success which attended the arms of the Crusaders, was productive of advantages still more permanent. There are charters yet extant containing grants to the Venetians, Pizans and Genoese of the most extensive immunities in the several settlements which the Christians made in Asia. All the commodities which they imported or exported are thereby exempted from every imposition; the property of entire suburbs in some of the maritime towns, and of large streets in others, is vested in them; and all questions arising among persons settled within their precincts, or who trade under their protection, are appointed to be tried by their own laws, and by judges of their own appointment."

A taste for architecture was cultivated. Every historian that has written on the subject of the Holy wars, mentions the delight and aston-

ishment with which the journeyers to Palestine viewed the splendor and magnificence of the cities through which they passed. Constantinople in particular, which was then the great emporium of the east, the seat of elegance and grandeur, excited their highest admiration and wonder. They seemed indeed lost in transport while gazing on its beautiful churches, its majestic domes and temples; and, returning to their own country, vast improvement was soon discernable in the splendor of their public edifices, and the courts of princes.

Literature was promoted. A passion for the chivalrous ode was almost universal: troubadors and martial ditties were chaunted by the lisping youth and the man of silvery hairs, and, like the verses of Homer, which were recited by all the inhabitants of Greece, they cherished a love of poetry, and tended to the furtherance of literary knowledge.

To conclude, the Crusades were beneficial in giving the death-blow to the feudal system. The nobles who were in possession of the lands generally, and who were all eager to engage in the wild attempt to drive the Turks from the tomb of the Saviour, in order to do this must sell their possessions to defray their expenses. This they did, disposing of them at a price far below their value, giving those monarchs in the west of Europe who did not engage in the first Crusade, an opportunity of enlarging the boundaries of their kingdoms. Meanwhile the fiefs of others which were unsold fell into the hands of the sovereign, from the circumstance of their owners or holders, being slain in the Holy War; "and by the accession of property, as well as power taken from one scale and thrown into the other, the regal authority rose in proportion as that of the aristocracy declined." Thus did the feudal system, which had existed for ages, and only the rougher features of which had been worn off by Chivalry, now gradually pass away. Order began to predominate in society; cities were formed into companies, and bodies politic: regular governments were ere long established; the vices of the dark ages, many of them totally disappeared; and in a short time, the light of civil liberty, general intelligence and christianity, illumined almost every quarter of Europe.

Dracont, Mass. 1839.

J. C.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### GEN. ANTHONY WAYNE.

"ANTHONY WAYNE, a major-general in the American army, occupies a conspicuous station among the heroes and patriots of the American revolution. He was born in the year 1745, in Chester county, in the state, then colony, of Pennsylvania. His father, who was a respectable farmer, was many years a representative for the county of Chester, in the general assembly, before the revolution. His grandfather, who was distinguished for his attachment to the principles of liberty, bore a captain's commission under King William, at the battle of the Boyne. Anthony Wayne succeeded his father as representative for the county of Chester, in the year 1773; and from his first appearance in public life, distinguished himself as a firm and decided patriot.



He opposed, with much ability, the unjust demands of the mother country, and in connexion with some gentlemen of distinguished talents, was of material service in preparing the way for the firm and decisive part which Pennsylvania took in the general contest.

In 1775, he was appointed to the command of a regiment, which his character enabled him to raise in a few weeks, in his native county. In the same year, he was detached under General Thompson into Canada. In the defeat which followed, in which Gen. Thompson was made a prisoner, Col. Wayne, though wounded, displayed great gallantry and good conduct, in collecting and bringing off the scattered and broken bodies of troops.

In the campaign of 1776, he served under Gen. Gates, at Ticonderoga, and was highly esteemed by that officer for both his bravery and skill as an engineer. At the close of that campaign he was created a brigadier-general.

At the battle of Brandywine, he behaved with his usual bravery, and for a long time opposed the progress of the enemy at Chad's Ford. In this action, the inferiority of the Americans in numbers, discipline and arms, gave them little chance of success; but the peculiar situation of the public mind was supposed to require a battle to be risked: the ground was bravely disputed, and the action was not considered as decisive. The spirit of the troops was preserved by a belief that the loss of the enemy had equalled their own. As it was the intention of the American commander in chief to hazard another action on the first favorable opportunity that should offer, Gen. Wayne was detached with his division, to harass the enemy by every means in his power. The British troops were encamped at Treedyffrin, and Gen. Wayne was stationed about three miles in the rear of their left wing, near the Paoli tavern, and from the precautions he had taken, he considered himself secure; but about eleven o'clock, on the night of the 20th September, Major-General Gray, having driven in his pickets, suddenly attacked him with fixed bayonets. Wayne, unable to withstand the superior number of his assailants, was obliged to retreat; but formed again at a small distance, having lost about one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. As blame was attached by some of the officers of the army, to General Wayne, for allowing himself to be surprised in this manner, he demanded a court martial, which, after examining the necessary evidence, declared that he had done every thing to be expected from an active, brave, and vigilant officer; and acquitted him with honor.

A neat marble monument has been recently erected on the battle ground, to the memory of the gallant men who fell on the night of the 20th September, 1777.

Shortly after was fought the battle of Germantown, in which he greatly signalized himself, by his spirited manner of leading his men into action. In this action, he had one horse shot under him, and another as he was mounting; and at the same instant, received slight wounds in the left foot and left hand.

In all councils of war, Gen. Wayne was distinguished for supporting the most energetic and

decisive measures. In the one previous to the battle of Monmouth, he and Gen. Cadwalader were the only officers decidedly in favor of attacking the British army. The American officers are said to have been influenced by the opinions of the Europeans. The Baron De Steuben, and Generals Lee and Du Portail, whose military skill was in high estimation, had warmly opposed an engagement, as too hazardous. But General Washington, whose opinion was in favor of an engagement, made such disposition as would be most likely to lead to it. In that action, so honorable to the American arms, General Wayne was conspicuous in the ardor of his attack. Gen. Washington, in his letter to congress, observes, "Were I to conclude my account of this day's transactions without expressing my obligations to the officers of the army in general, I should do injustice to their merit, and violence to my own feelings. They seemed to vie with each other in manifesting their zeal and bravery. The catalogue of those who distinguished themselves, is too long to admit of particularizing individuals. I cannot, however, forbear mentioning. Brig. Gen. Wayne, whose good conduct and bravery, throughout the whole action, deserves particular commendation."

Among the many exploits of gallantry and prowess which shed a lustre on the fame of our revolutionary army, the storming of the fort at Stony-Point has always been considered one of the most brilliant.

To Gen. Wayne, who commanded the light-infantry of the army, the execution of the plan was intrusted. Secrecy was deemed so much more essential to success than numbers, that it was thought inadvisable to add to the force already on the lines. One brigade was ordered to commence its march, so as to reach the scene of action in time to cover the troops engaged in the attack, in case of any unlooked for disaster; and Major Lee, of the light-dragoons, who had been eminently useful in obtaining the intelligence which led to the enterprise, was associated with General Wayne, as far as cavalry could be employed in such a service.

The night of the 15th of July, 1779, was fixed on for the assault; and it being suspected that the garrison would probably be more on their guard towards day, twelve was chosen for the hour.

Stony-Point is a commanding hill, projecting far into the Hudson, which washes three-fourths of its base. The remaining fourth is, in a great measure, covered by a deep marsh, commencing near the river on the upper side, and continuing into it below. Over this marsh, there is only one crossing place. But at its junction with the river is a sandy beach passable at low tide. On the summit of this hill was erected the fort, which was furnished with a sufficient number of heavy pieces of ordnance. Several breast-works and strong batteries were advanced in front of the principal work, and about half way down the hill, were two rows of abattis. The batteries were calculated to command the beach, and the crossing place of the marsh, and to rake and enfilade any column which might be advancing from either of those points towards the fort. In addition to these defences, several vessels of war were stationed in the river, so as, in a considera-

ble degree, to command the ground at the foot of the hill.

The fort was garrisoned by about six hundred men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson.

At noon of the day preceding the night of the attack, the light-infantry commenced their march from Sandybeach, distant fourteen miles from Stony-Point, and passing through an excessively rugged and mountainous country, arrived about eight in the afternoon at Spring Steel's, one and a half miles from the fort, where the dispositions for the assault were made.

It was intended to attack the works on the right and left flanks at the same instant. The regiment of Febiger, and of Meigge, with Major Hull's detachment, formed the right column, and Butler's regiment, with two companies under Major Murfree, formed the left. One hundred and fifty volunteers, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury and Major Posey, constituted the van of the right; and one hundred volunteers under Major Stuart, composed the van of the left. At half past eleven, the two columns moved on to the charge, the van of each with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. They were each preceded by a forlorn hope of twenty men, the one commanded by Lieutenant Gibbon, and the other by Lieutenant Knox, whose duty it was to remove the abattis and other obstructions, in order to open a passage for the columns which followed close in the rear.

Proper measures having been taken to secure every individual on the route, who could give intelligence of their approach, the Americans reached the marsh undiscovered. But unexpected difficulties having been experienced in surmounting this and other obstructions in the way, the assault did not commence until twenty minutes after twelve. Both columns then rushed forward, under a tremendous fire of musketry and grape shot. Surmounting every obstacle, they entered the works at the point of the bayonet, and without having discharged a single piece, obtained complete possession of the post.

The humanity displayed by the conquerors was not less conspicuous, nor less honorable, than their courage. Not a single individual suffered after resistance had ceased.

All the troops engaged in this perilous service manifested a degree of ardor and impetuosity, which proved them to be capable of the most difficult enterprises; and all distinguished themselves whose situation enabled them to do so. Colonel Fleury was the first to enter the fort, and strike the British standard. Major Posey mounted the works almost at the same instant, and was the first to give the watch-word—"The fort's our own." Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox performed the service allotted to them, with a degree of intrepidity which could not be surpassed. Out of twenty men who constituted the party of the former, seventeen were killed or wounded.

The loss sustained by the garrison was not considerable. The return made by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, represented their dead at only twenty including one captain, and their wounded at six officers, and sixty-eight privates. The return made by General Wayne states their dead

at sixty-three, including two officers. This difference may be accounted for by supposing, that among those Colonel Johnson supposed to be missing, there were many killed. The prisoners amounted to five hundred and forty-three, among whom were one lieutenant-colonel, four captains and twenty subaltern officers. The military stores taken in the fort were also considerable.

The loss sustained by the assailants was by no means proportioned to the apparent danger of the enterprise. The killed and wounded did not exceed one hundred men. Gen. Wayne himself, who marched at the head of Febiger's regiment in the right column, received a slight wound in the head, which stunned him for a time, but did not compel him to leave the column. Being supported by his aids, he entered the fort with the regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Hay was also among the wounded."

The intrepidity, joined with humanity, its noblest companion, displayed on that occasion by General Wayne and his brave followers, cannot be too highly esteemed nor too frequently commemorated.

**GENERAL ORDERS FOR THE ATTACK.**—The troops will march at — o'clock and move by the right, making a short halt at the creek, or run, on this side, next Clements'; every officer and non-commissioned officer will remain with, and be answerable for every man in his platoon; no soldier to be permitted to quit his ranks on any pretext whatever, until a general halt is made, and then to be attended by one of the officers of the platoon.

When the head of the troops arrive in the rear of the hill, Colonel Febiger will form his regiment into a solid column of a half platoon in front as fast as they come up. Colonel Meiggs will form next in Colonel Febiger's rear, and Major Hull in the rear of Meiggs', which will form the right column.

Colonel Butler will form a column on the left of Febiger, and Major Murphy in his rear. Every officer and soldier will then fix a piece of white paper in the most conspicuous part of his hat or cap, as a mark to distinguish them from the enemy.

At the word *march*, Colonel Fleury will take charge of one hundred and fifty determined and picked men, properly officered, with arms unloaded, placing their whole dependence on fixed bayonets, who will move twenty paces in front of the right column, and enter the sally-port; he is to detach an officer and twenty men a little in front, whose business will be to secure the sentries, and remove the abatis and obstructions for the column to pass through. The column will follow close in the rear with shouldered muskets, led by Colonel Febiger and General Wayne in person:—when the works are forced, and *not before*, the victorious troops as they enter will give the watchword———with repeated and loud voices, and drive the enemy from their works and guns, which will favor the pass of the whole troops: should the enemy refuse to surrender, or attempt to make their escape by water or otherwise, effectual means must be used to effect the former and prevent the latter.

Colonel Butler will move by the route (2) preceded by one hundred chosen men with fixed

bayonets, properly officered, at the distance of twenty yards in front of the column, which will follow under Col. Butler with shouldered muskets. These hundred will also detach a proper officer and twenty men a little in front to remove the obstructions; as soon as they gain the works they will also give and continue the watchword, which will prevent confusion and mistake.

If any soldier presume to take his musket from his shoulder, or to fire, or begin the battle until ordered by his proper officer, he shall be instantly put to death by the officer next to him; for the misconduct of one man is not to put the whole troops in danger or disorder, and he be suffered to pass with life.

After the troops begin to advance to the works, the strictest silence must be observed, and the closest attention paid to the commands of the officers.

The general has the fullest confidence in the bravery and fortitude of the corps that he has the happiness to command—the distinguished honor conferred on every officer and soldier who has been drafted into this corps by his excellency General Washington, the credit of the states they respectively belong to, and their own reputations, will be such powerful motives for each man to distinguish himself, that the general cannot have the least doubt of a glorious victory; and he hereby most solemnly engages to reward the first man that enters the works with five hundred dollars, and immediate promotion; to the second four hundred dollars, to the third three hundred dollars, to the fourth two hundred dollars, and to the fifth one hundred dollars; and will represent the conduct of every officer, and soldier, who distinguishes himself in this action, in the most favorable point of view to his excellency, whose greatest pleasure is in rewarding merit.

But should there be any soldier so lost to every feeling of honor, as to retreat one single foot, or skulk in the face of danger, the officer next to him will immediately put him to death, that he may no longer disgrace the name of a soldier, or the corps or state he belongs to.

As General Wayne is determined to share the danger of the night—so he wishes to participate in the glory of the day in common with his fellow soldiers.

Immediately after the surrender of Stony Point, Gen. Wayne transmitted to the commander in chief, the following laconic letter:—

"Stony Point, July 16, 2 o'clock, A. M. 1779.

DEAR GENERAL.—The fort and garrison, with Col. Johnson, are ours; our officers and men behaved like men determined to be free.

Yours most sincerely.

ANTHONY WAYNE.

GEN. WASHINGTON."

In the campaign of 1781, in which Lord Cornwallis, and a British army were obliged to surrender prisoners of war, he bore a conspicuous part. His presence of mind never failed him in the most critical situations. Of this he gave an eminent example on the James River. Having been deceived by some false information, into a belief that the British army had passed the river leaving but the rear guard behind, he hastened to attack the latter before it should also have effected

its passage; but on pushing through a morass and wood, instead of the rear guard, he found the whole British army drawn up close to him. His situation did not admit of a moment's deliberation. Conceiving the boldest to be the safest measure, he immediately led his small detachment, not exceeding 800 men, to the charge, and after a short, but very smart and close firing, in which he lost 118 of his men, he succeeded in bringing off the rest under cover of the wood. Lord Cornwallis, suspecting the attack to be a feint, in order to draw him into an ambuscade, would not permit his troops to pursue.

The enemy having made a considerable head in Georgia, Wayne was despatched by Gen. Washington to take command of the forces in that state, and, after some sanguinary engagements, succeeded in establishing security and order. For his services in that state the legislature presented him with a valuable farm.

On the peace, which followed shortly after, he retired to private life; but in 1789, we find him a member of the Pennsylvania convention, and one of those in favor of the present federal constitution of the United States.

In the year 1792, he was appointed to succeed General St. Clair, who had resigned the command of the army engaged against the Indians, on our western frontier. Wayne formed an encampment at Pittsburgh, and such exemplary discipline was introduced among the new troops, that, on their advance into the Indian country they appeared like veterans.

The Indians had collected in great numbers, and it was necessary not only to rout them but to occupy their country by a chain of posts, that should, for the future, check their predatory incursions. Pursuing this regular and systematic mode of advance, the autumn of 1793, found General Wayne with his army, at a post in the wilderness, called Greenville, about six miles in advance of Fort Jefferson, where he determined to encamp for the winter, in order to make the necessary arrangements for opening the campaign to effect early in the following spring. After fortifying his camp, he took possession of the ground on which the Americans had been defeated in 1791, which he fortified also, and called the work Fort Recovery. Here he piously collected, and, with the honors of war, interred the bones of the unfortunate although gallant victims of the 4th November, 1791. The situation of the army, menacing the Indian villages, effectually prevented any attack on the white settlements. The impossibility of procuring the necessary supplies prevented the march of the troops till the summer. On the 8th of August, the army arrived at the junction of the Rivers Au Glaize and Miami of the Lakes, where they erected works for the protection of the stores. About thirty miles from this place, the British had formed a post, in the vicinity of which the Indians had assembled their whole force. On the 15th, the army again advanced down the Miami, and on the 18th, arrived at the Rapids. On the following day they erected some works, for the protection of the baggage. The situation of the enemy was reconnoitered, and they were found posted in a thick wood, in the rear of the British fort. On the 20th, the army advanced



to the attack. The Miami covered the right flank, and on the left were the mounted volunteers, commanded by General Todd. After marching about five miles, Major Price, who led the advance, received so heavy a fire from the Indians, who were stationed behind trees, that he was compelled to fall back. The enemy had occupied a wood in front of the British fort, which, from the quantity of fallen timber, could not be entered by the horse. The legion was immediately ordered to advance with trailed arms, and rouse them from their covert; the cavalry under Capt. Campbell, were directed to pass between the Indians and the river, while the volunteers, led by General Scott, made a circuit to turn their flank. So rapid, however, was the charge of the legion, that before the rest of the army could get into action, the enemy were completely routed, and driven through the woods for more than two miles, and the troops halted within gunshot of the British fort. All the Indians' houses and cornfields were destroyed. In this decisive action, the whole loss of General Wayne's army, in killed and wounded amounted only to one hundred and seven men. As hostilities continued on the part of the Indians, their whole country was laid waste, and the forts established which effectually prevented their return.

The success of this engagement destroyed the enemies' power; and, in the following year, Gen. Wayne concluded a definitive treaty of peace with them.

A life of peril and of glory was terminated in December, 1796. He had shielded his country from the murderous tomahawk of the savage. He had established her boundaries. He had forced her enemies to sue for her protection. He beheld her triumphant, rich in arts, and potent in arms. What more could his patriotic spirit wish to see? He died in a hut at Presque Isle, aged about fifty-one years, and was buried on the shore of Lake Erie.

A few years since his bones were taken up by his son Isaac Wayne, Esq. and entombed in his native county, and by direction of the Pennsylvania State Society of the Cincinnati, an elegant monument was erected. It is to be seen within the cemetery of St. David's Church, situated in Chester county. It is constructed of white marble, of the most correct symmetry and beauty.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE PLACE OF REST.

HOWEVER dark and disconsolate the path of life may have been to any man, there is an hour of deep and quiet repose at hand, when the body will sink into a dreamless sleep. Let not the imagination be startled, if this place, instead of a bed of down, shall be the bed of gravel or the rocky pavement of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of the man may lie, the repose is deep and undisturbed—the sorrowful bosom heaves no more—the tears are dried up in their fountains—the aching heart is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosoms of the pale nations of the dead, not one of the sleepers shall

heed the spirit stirring tramp, or respond to the rending shouts of victory.

How quiet the countless millions slumber in the arms of their parent earth. The voice of thunder shall not wake them; the loud cry of the elements—the winds, the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake as it overpasses the continents shall be able to cause inquietude in the chambers of death. They shall rest securely through ages: empires shall rise and fall; the bright millenium shall come and pass away, the last great battle shall be fought; and then a silver voice, at first just heard, shall rise to a tempest tone, and penetrate the voiceless grave—for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall hear his voice."

### SPEAK BY THE CARD.

"How does the thermometer stand?" asked a father of his son. "It don't stand at all, sir, it hangs;" was the reply. "Well, but I mean, how high is it?" "Just about five feet from the floor."—"Pooh! you fool, how does the mercury range?" "Up and down—perpendicularly." The reader will remember another similar. "What is ratio, John?" "Ratio, sir?" "Yes, ratio!" "Oh sir. Ratio. Why, ratio is proportion." "Very well. But what is proportion?" "Oh, proportion, sir. Why, proportion is ratio!" "Certainly, but what are proportion and ratio both?" "I can only answer one question at a time!" replied the boy.

### USE OF PUNISHMENT.

ROBERT, cardinal of Genoa, afterwards pope, was a distinguished Italian general about the year 1378. One day, surveying some of the inhabitants of Camerino diverting themselves with a mock fight, he received a wound by a random arrow. When they had seized the culprit, and were on the point of cutting off his head, the general interposed, and ordered the man to be dismissed, observing, that "the punishment, to be of any use to him, should have preceded the wound."

ANECDOTE.—A schoolmaster, while correcting an urchin for using bad language, told him to go to the other end of the room and speak to one of the scholars, and that *grammatically*, or he should be punished. On going, he thus addressed himself to the scholar: "Thomas, there is a common substantive, of the masculine gender, third person, singular number, *angry mood*, who sits perched on an eminence at the other end of the room, and wishes to articulate a few sentences with you in the present tense."

TRIBUTE TO BEAUTY.—As the late Duchess of Devonshire was one day stepping out of her carriage, a dustman, who was accidentally standing by, and was about to regale himself with his accustomed whiff of tobacco, caught a glance of her beautiful countenance, and instantly exclaimed, "Love and bless you, my lady, let me light my pipe in your eyes." It is said the duchess was so delighted with this compliment, that she frequently checked the strain of adulation, which was so constantly offered to her charms, by saying, "Oh! after the dustman's compliment all others are insipid."

A GENTLEMAN telling a lady that an apothecary of her acquaintance had failed and was obliged to shut up shop, she enquired the cause, to which the gentleman replied, "he was so honest a man, that instead of loading his patients with medicines, he advised them to take the *wholesome air* and of course lost the profit which would have arisen from the sale of his drugs." "Poor man, (said the lady,) poor man! he is indeed to be pitied—he cannot live on air, though his patients may."

PREVENTIVE OF JEALOUSY.—A beautiful young lady having called out an ugly gentleman to dance with her, he was astonished at the condescension, and believing that she was in love with him, in a very pressing manner desired to know why she had selected him from the rest of the company. "Because, sir," replied the lady "my husband commanded me to select such a partner as should not give him cause of jealousy."

GIRLS, be industrious, and observe economy in every thing, even in time; be neat and tidy, rise early, keep stirring to some useful purpose; dress so as to preserve your health, leave nothing for others to do, that you can accomplish yourselves, cultivate your minds, and eschew the least appearance of evil in your manners and conduct; so shall you enjoy as much comfort, happiness and independence as is allotted to mortals in this uncertain world.

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

A. F. Oak Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Braman's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. R. Castleton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. B. Yonkers, N. Y. \$1.00; R. D. V. R. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; P. D. R. Conway, Ms. \$1.00; L. C. Utica, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Braman's Corners, N. Y. \$2.00; C. V. D. Stuyvesant Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. B. Hamburg, In. \$0.60; J. S. K. Jericho, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Chocopee Falls, Ms. \$2.00; A. K. South Lee, Ms. \$1.00; L. M. R. Bethany, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Derby, Vt. \$5.00; S. D. B. Monroe, Mich. \$1.00; R. P. T. De Ruyter, N. Y. \$1.00; N. H. Cleveland, O. \$1.00; A. C. Commerce, Mich. \$0.75; D. B. Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cheshire, Ms. \$1.00.

### Married,

In the city of Albany, on Saturday the 9th inst. by the Rev. Freeman Seymour, Mr. Lyman H. Miller, of Gallatin, Columbia Co. to Miss Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Peter Lasher, of the same place.

At Pine Plains, on Saturday the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sayers, Mr. Milton H. Dedrie, of Pine Plains, to Miss Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Mr. James Miller, of Gallatin.

In Greenport, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Jesse Westfall, of Claverack, to Miss Sarah Pultz, of Greenport.

### Died,

In this city, on the 6th inst. Mrs. Eliza Myrick, in the 43d year of her age.

On the 7th inst. Mary Jane, daughter of John and Ann C. Forrest, in her 16th year.

In Canaan, Col. Co. Mrs. Tryphenia Cady, relict of the late Eleazer Cady, aged 90 years.

In Schodack, Rensselaer Co. on the 2d inst. Mrs. Emma, wife of Lieut. Col. David Bidwell, and on Thursday the 7th, Lieut. Col. David Bidwell, consort of Emma Bidwell.

By a dispensation of Providence this worthy couple, who had sojourned in this sublimary sphere together for a long period of time, was suddenly cut off, the chosen partner first, and ere the sorrowing of the bereaved husband had ceased, he was called to the mansion of eternal rest, to become a co-partner above with her who had passed before him. Many sincere friends mourn their loss, and none more than his connexion who knew that his loss is irreparable.

On the 8th of August last, on board the ship Roscoe, Frederick Joy, of Nantucket.

At Crawfordville, Indiana, on the 13th of October last, after a short illness, Julia Ann, wife of Rev. William M. Pratt, and sister of Darius Peck, Esq. of this city.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Joy thrilled the hearts in the lonely bark,  
And the light of Hope, was there,  
And lips spake now of life, and love,  
That late had breathed despair.  
They seemed as tho' touched, by a fairy wand,  
As they gazed on the cliffs of this desert land.  
Wild thoughts, and dark, had stirred their hearts,  
Columbus, cheered them still,  
"If we ere long reach not some port.  
Then turn ye, if ye will.  
Aye! turn to the land from whence ye came,  
Contented, *die* unknown to fame."  
Oh! sad was his heart, in that lonely hour,  
He had crossed the ocean's breast;  
He had left the land where kingly power,  
Deprived his soul of rest.  
And now Ambition high, seems crushed,  
His brightest hope laid in the dust.  
But no—the cloud rose black and high,  
Yes! far above it spread,  
And seemed it then, to human eye,  
To linger o'er his head—  
To stay awhile, ere it should fall,  
And shroud him in its sable pall.  
Yet see—again, the light of hope  
Is shining proudly through;  
And look once more—the cloud has broke,  
The fair, green land they view.  
Their griefs, their toils, and fears were o'er,  
As they stepped upon this blissful shore.  
Then rose the song from the gathered band,  
The song of praise to God;  
They bless with joy, his guardian hand,  
They praised his name aloud.  
Aye, now they owned the sovereign Power  
That saved them through despair's dark hour.  
And the gush of joy, which their leader felt,  
Was passionate and strong—  
He kissed the land, whereon he knelt,  
The land, which wished for long  
Had led him on, 'till the star of fame,  
Shone—twinkling bright above his name.  
*Spencertown, Nov. 4, 1839. CASSIOPEA.*

For the Rural Repository.

## ON THE DEATH OF JAMES H. GAUL.

I do not weep that thou art dead,  
For thou art happier far than I,  
And couldst thou leave thy narrow bed,  
I gladly in thy place would lie.  
I do not weep for worldly gain—  
My only loss was losing thee;  
If wealth could bring thee back again,  
I'd give my all to set thee free.  
Yet tears are coursing down my cheek,  
While memory tracks each by-gone day—  
I almost think I hear thee speak,  
Yet know that thou art far away.  
I weep to think how one by one  
Our earthly hopes will fade away—

That those we love and trust upon  
Should soonest perish and decay.

I weep to think that we no more  
Shall mark thy footstep coming near—  
That Time to us cannot restore  
A friend that was so very dear.

I need not tell how kind of heart  
Thou wast to all as well as me,  
Nor of thy upright manly part  
Through all the days allotted thee.

We know it well—for this we grieve—  
Thou wast too loved to leave us so,  
And we can hardly yet believe  
That we shall meet no more below.

But thus it is—beneath the sod  
We know thy sad remains were laid;  
And trust thy spirit's gone to God  
To join thy young and gentle bride.

The stern realities of life  
Will soften feelings of regret,  
And all its scene of care and strife  
May force us sometime to forget.

But often will remembrance bring  
The scenes of brighter days to mind,  
And fondly will affection cling  
To all that thou hast left behind.

Thy tender babe, an orphan now,\*  
A parent's love can never share,  
Too young to feel the cruel blow  
That took from her a father's care.

She was thy hope, thy joy and pride,  
The only tie that bound thee here,  
For well I know thou oft hast sighed  
To be with thy Melissa dear.  
And thou art with her in the tomb,  
The same earth covers each young breast;  
She faded in youth's early bloom,  
And thou hast gone to share her rest.

G. M. G.

\* Since dead.

For the Rural Repository.

## MORNING.

BY MISS MARY ANN DODD.

THE rising sun, the dew that gems the flower,  
The fragrant freshness of the early hour,  
The wood-crowned hills and vales that stretch be-  
tween—  
With a soft carpet spread of living green—  
The glancing stream and smiling sky above,  
All whisper to the heart "our God is Love."

From the Columbia Spy.

## CHILDHOOD'S LAUGHTER.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

I SAW a bright and gladsome child  
Playing amid the flowers,  
The Butterfly in gambols wild,  
Flew thro' the rosy bowers.

The honey Bee, on laden wing,  
Stopt there the dews to quaff,  
When, gladdening every blessed thing,  
I heard a silvery laugh.

It echoed down the shady wood,  
It woke the slumbering bird,  
And all the green clad solitude  
With music breath was stirred.

It swelled upon the breezy wind  
And Nature brighter smiled  
At the clear, sweet, and unconfined  
Loud laughter of a child.

Free, as the wild unfettered rill,  
It burst upon the ear,  
And like a mock bird—every thrill  
Echo repeated near.

Oh! what a gush of joyous thought  
Doth it not conjure up,  
How many dreams once brightly wrought,  
To fill life's sparkling cup.

Forms, that for long, long years have lain  
In an unbroken sleep,  
In all their frolic play again  
Before us gladly leap.

And voices that have long been hushed  
Carol like summer birds,  
And hearts forgot they have been crushed  
In childhood's tone, and words.

Oh! burst of joyous melody,  
Thou gush of mountain spring,  
Thy welcome sound doth aye to me,  
A sweet remembrance bring.

I heed not, tho' dark clouds are near,  
And life's a desert wild,  
So I can be, where I shall hear  
The laughter of a child.

*Philadelphia, June, 1839.*

## A NAME.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

MAKE to thyself a name,  
Not with the breath of clay,  
Which, like the broken hollow reed,  
Doth hide itself away;  
Not with the fame that vaunts  
The tyrant on his throne,  
And hurls its stigma on the soul  
That God vouchsafes to own.

Make to thyself a name,  
Not such as wealth can weave,  
Whose warp is but a thread of gold  
That dazzles to deceive;  
Not with the tints of love  
From out its letters fair;  
That scroll within thy hand shall fade,  
Like him that placed it there.

Make to thyself a name,  
Not in the sculptured aisle;  
The marble oft betrays its trust,  
Like Egypt's lofty pile;  
But ask of him who quelled  
Of death the victor's strife,  
To write it on the blood bought page  
Of everlasting life.

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